Long True-Story Literature

Train of Life

Author: In Hun
Translated by Han Chan Do

Forward verse

How many days and nights
I have spent,
With thee, the pen in this hand,
Searching for historic peoples?

The age of the sun and the moon
And the passage of time
Can hardly erase all the traces
Of writhing for fortune.

Searching on and on for the traces
Sleeplessly and struggling,
I travel the world
With thee, my pen.

The man who have made every effort
For human emancipation and peace:
Thy traces of life
Wake up my pen even today.

I will tell the world only the truth,
Erupting the volcano of love and zeal
That brims over in my heart
And I will sing beautiful and noble minds.

O my pen, do remember!
Thou art in a hand of a man
Who is always honest
Before history and truth.

Author

Contents

Preface: The Picture Reflected in My Camera Lens

Chapter 1. Where Will You Go?

1. **Pandori Bibi Village (1)**
2. **A Spell of Adolescent Period**
3. **Opportunity Given by God (1)**
4. **A Great Mistake**
5. **Retrieval**
6. **Understand before Misunderstanding**

Chapter 2. Looking Forward to the Future

1. **Journalism Comes in Pace with Advertisement**
2. **Marriage in the Prime of Life**
3. **Partition of a Country**
4. **Opportunity Given by God (2)**
5. **Into the "Utopian" World**
6. **Life is Life**

Chapter 3. I Must Go My Way, Once It is Fixed

1. By Himself
2. New Friends
3. First Article
4. You can not Buy Me with Money
5. Car Accident
6. A Country of “Liberty” or of Subordination?
7. Impact, Korea in Japan

Chapter 4. Along the Bright Light in the East

1. Turning-point of Destiny
2. The Sun Inspires
3. Joy, the Happiest Day
4. On the Way of Repayment
5. Outcry from the Heart
6. Visiting Again Unforgettable Chongryon
7. After Garland Incident
8. Human Aura

Chapter 5. Flowing Into the Ocean

1. Our pilgrimage Place
2. For the Spring of Juche
3. After Bringing up Children
4. There are no Frontiers in a Great Ideology
5. Pandori Bibi Village (2)
6. Prepared for Death
7. Against Challenges
8. Desire Comes True
9. There is a Beginning in the End

Chapter 6. In the Evening of the Century

1. Event—Red Flags Hoisted Down
2. More Beautiful is the Bird Flying in Storms
3. Sad News, the Most Sorrowful Day
4. Savior of Truth
5. He is Immortal
6. Death of a Friend
7. Towards a New Millennium

Chapter 7. My Way is Eternal

1. **In the Change of Centuries**
2. **Brain Surgery**
3. **Descendant Generations of Sharma Family**
4. **When the World was Bustling**
5. **On the Same Road**
6. **My Fatherland**
7. **Lamenting in a Scenic Place**
8. **In 30 Years**
9. **There is no Younger Man than Him**
10. **Digression**

Finale. Orbit of a Life

About the Author

Preface

The Picture Reflected in My Camera Lens

It was at 10 am on February 15, 2007.

A few people knew that Vishwanath received sad news from Delhi last afternoon. Few people knew what feelings he had…

Mansudae Assembly House was full of boundless reverence and noble and joyful feelings.

Vishwanath has been anxious to observe this day since 1990 when the "International Kim Il Sung Prize" Council was formed. He kept silence for a while, looking around the participants of the ceremony.

At last, he slowly began to speak with an emotional voice.

"Dear friends from all over the world!

I'd like to extend warm welcome to all of you who attend this grand ceremony of conferring the International Kim Il Sung Prize, the most prestigious prize in the world upon the great leader H.E. Kim Jong Il, the General Secretary of the Workers' Party of Korea and the Chairman of the National Defence Commission of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and the Supreme Commander of the Korean People's Army…"

Vishwanath's face seemed to be reddened with an excitement.

I took his pictures. From time to time, my eyes were dimmed with tears without knowing why. I had to wipe my tears with hanky in the absence of the participants' eyesight.

Normally, I don't use my video camera in ceremonies, as there are professional cameramen. They always occupied ceremony places earlier to report to the world all the events home and abroad.

Today, I came with my video camera in my hand.

This was not simply because I am an amateur cameraman.

I decided to take pictures of this ceremony and edit them myself to announce it through Internet.

This was the awareness of my reason devolved upon me by the

era and history. I knew better than anyone else the sad story kept deep in the heart of Vishwanath.

Han Chan Do was one of a few peoples who knew the sad news. While interpreting Vishwanath, his voice seemed to tremble with special feelings and excitement.

"…Regarding it as the lofty moral obligation and crowning glory to confer the International Kim Il Sung Prize upon H.E. Kim Jong Il, the sun of the 21st century and supreme commander of humanity's cause of independence, the International Kim Il Sung Prize Council decided to reverently confer this Prize upon him in reflection of the unanimous desire of the progressive peoples over the world.

Now, I will read out the decision."

Listening to Han Chan Do's interpretation into Korean, different-language speaking interpreters busily did their job. Indeed, five continents gathered there.

Emotional tears seemed to be welled in the eyes of Vishwanath.

It was his desire and the desire of the progressive peoples over the world to confer the Prize No. 1 upon H. E. Kim Jong Il. But he kindly refused to receive it. Every year the International Kim Il Sung Prize Council asked for his approval. 15 years passed since the institution of the International Kim Il Sung Prize Council and now the desire came true. This excited the minds of the participants.

H. E. Kim Jong Il always gave the 1st place to the people. At last, they conferred the Prize No. 7 on him.

With a stern voice, Vishwanath began to read the decision of the International Kim Il Sung Prize Council.

"The decision of the International Kim Il Sung Prize Council.

The progressive peoples over the world will soon celebrate the birthday of H.E. Kim Jong Il, the great leader of the Korean people as the common holiday of humanity.

Highly appreciating the immortal contribution made to the lofty cause to safeguard the world peace and achieve the independent development, the International Kim Il Sung Prize Council decided to confer the International Kim Il Sung Prize upon H.E. Kim Jong Il, the General Secretary of the Workers' Party of Korea and the Chairman of the National Defence Commission of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and the Supreme Commander of the

Korean People's Army, on the occasion of the February holiday.

Dr. Vishwanath, the secretary-general of the International Kim Il Sung Prize Council.

Delhi, February 1, 2007"

Long and loud applause…

The applause echoed through Mansudae Assembly House far to the world.

Amidst the enthusiastic atmosphere, Vishwanath handed over the certificate, the golden medal and the precious metallic trophy of the International Kim Il Sung Prize conferred upon H. E. Kim Jong Il to the president of the Presidium of the Supreme People's Assembly.

Congratulatory speeches were followed.

Kenichi Ogami, Alba Chavez spoke with a great pleasure of having conferred the most prestigious International Kim Il Sung Prize upon H. E. Kim Jong Il.

The members of the Council were happy, as their long-cherished desire came true.

How anxiously they have longed for this moment!

Vishwanath felt happy, too, looking at the excited faces of the delegates.

Vishwanath was zoomed in my camera lens.

How warm human being he is, how honest human being he is!

What he said yesterday in his hotel room was ringing in my ears.

"If you disclose this news, I will never talk to you again."

When we were talking about the ceremony last morning, a phone call came for Vishwanath. Han Chan Do picked up the receiver and handed it over to Vishwanath, saying it is from his eldest son in Delhi.

On the phone Anil Sharma (born in 1951), his first son was speaking that his grandma was gone, so his father was badly needed there.

His son told Vishwanath his grandma's last words.

"Dear grandson, when is your father coming back?"

"He is coming back on the 21st of this month"

At this, his grandma counted the days and said "one week!" and was silently gone. She was gone as silently as she had lived silently.

“Understood!”

After hanging up the telephone slowly, Vishwanath did not move for a while as if stiffened there. Big drops of tears rolled down his wrinkled face. Han Chan Do and I were stiffened, too, before him.

We knew well his mother, Durgadevi (born in 1902). She had devoted all her life for her sons and descendents in silent mood. Indeed, she was the benevolent mother and graceful grandma.

For Vishwanath, she was the beauty and love he had kept in his mind since his childhood. She had lived silently but she was well known in the whole village and district. She was the possessor of the beautiful virtue very rare in India.

Even in his eighties, Vishwanath became a child before his mother and reported his daily work to her and then went back to his room, seeing his mother smiling.

Now, his mother was gone forever from this world.

O my mother!

My mother fed me and brought me up.

My dearest mother who had led me not only materially but mentally was gone at the age of over a hundred.

Vishwanath was talking on and on to himself.

At this moment, the memory of his unforgettable mother must have lingered on his mind.

I had no courage to wake him up from his deep thinking and mental monologue. However, we had to do what we must do. We must send him back home immediately.

He was the first son of the five brothers and two sisters and the father of five sons and one daughter and the head of over 100 descendents of Sharma family.

He was an imposing man, indeed, as the grandfather and great grandfather of the big family. Many people at his age normally stay at home.

“Dr. Vishwanath, please get ready to depart.”

We broke the silence.

“Don’t worry the ceremony here. We have the council members here.”

No answer from him.

He was thinking of the family affairs he should look after.

Meanwhile, he was aware of his position in this era.

Which is more important?

At last, he dialed the numbers after silently picking up the telephone. Anil Sharma immediately answered.

"This is me speaking. Please, go ahead with the funeral by yourselves. I can not change my schedule."

And then he gave some more instructions about the funeral and hung up the phone.

His decision was already firm and fixed. Our advice did not have any meaning on him.

He said.

"While coming here, I have already told my mother that I go to Pyongyang to confer the International Kim Il Sung Prize upon H. E. Kim Jong Il. My mother wished me good luck. And she added if she is alive till I come back, it's good, but though she is gone, it is her time to go. I wondered what she thought.

Like my father, my mother was an 'angel' who defended to the last my way on Juche. My mother will be happy, if I finish my job here and come back to her."

Vishwanath said he would never talk to us, if we spoke out this sad news until the ceremony was over. We came back to the discussion on the ceremony.

We were quite touched.

He accepted the last request of his mother in his heart. His mother must have requested him to follow the road of Juche.

Like this, Vishwanath hosted today's grand ceremony as planned. This heart-touching story was not known yet.

The more his patient looks were reflected in my camera lens, the more I felt the national pride of having the great leader who enjoys respect of all and the stronger I was convinced that this desire of humanity will surely bring about victory of the cause of independence on this earth.

My camera lens looked into everything; not only the looks full of vigor but their deep minds.

Vishwanath!

From the zoomed-in face of Vishwanath who was running the ceremony, I came to know his sincere mind I did not know well since my acquaintance with him. He was imprinted in my mind as a

strong giant.

The course of his life was flashing into my mind.

On what course, on earth, has the train of his life been running to reach today?!

What strength is supporting this over 80 year-old man to follow the road of Juche?!

I tried to find the traces of his life, following his footsteps.

Chapter 1 Where Will You Go?

O the people! Try to find out the oceans on the world map. You will, then, find an ocean that gives a new idea.

The Indian Ocean! It is between the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans.

The ocean is called just after the name of a country. Such an ocean is only one on the earth. India is so large and huge country.

India is a peninsula situated in the southern part of Asia. In the north, it borders China, Nepal, Bhutan, and in the northwest, Pakistan and in the northeast, Myanmar and Bangladesh. In the other parts, it is bordered with the Indian Ocean.

People call India a sub-continent.

This is because it is diverse in custom, climate, culture and tradition rather than it is a country with a big population and large territory.

In the world are a country that occupies two continents and a country with more population. However, people do not call them a sub-continent.

India is a multi-national country with the 200 ethnic groups which account for the number of the countries in the world.

This country, therefore, has more than 800 languages and dialectics. The languages of the foreign invaders including English did not have a big influence upon the different local languages which have developed according to their inherent laws. A lot of rich literary works were written in the modern Indian languages such as Bengali, Hindi, Urdu, Marathi and Gujarati, etc.

It has the diversified species of animals and plants in the

different climates, and has the different living standards and cultures and the gap of the rich and the poor is beyond imagination.

Its population is over 1.3 billion, and in Delhi, 15 million people are huddled, leading busy and different life.

Vishwanath used to visit his native home which is about 400 km north of the busy capital city.

It is Pandori Bibi village.

This village is not only the land soaked with the memory of his childhood and his parents' traces but also bigger home of Sharma family with the enormous estate handed down through generations.

A lot of the family's descendents have maintained their lives on that land, sometimes laughing and sometimes arguing each other. No matter what happens, the estate is the soil of life for the huddled descendants even today.

The 500 hectare-large estate was handed down for the last 20 decades.

His great grandfather who had acquired the land was gone and his extended descendants have managed the land together.

Along with the passage of time, the conflicting opinions occurred frequently. It was more so when the drought brought about poor harvest. Some asked for their share and some asked to sell the land for money.

However, this land cannot be sold out yet.

That is because according to the law of the patriarchal family system, the descendants cannot divide the estate as long as their ascendants were alive.

They thought they dared have no rights to violate the will of their ascendants as long as Vishwanath's generation is alive, although we do not know what will happen after the changes of several generations.

"Never sell this land even after 500 or 1 000 years! Never divide this land! If so, it turns into pieces and eventually goes away!"

This was the last will of his great grandfather concerning the property heritage. This inviolable law of Sharma family cannot be violated yet by anyone. Until when would the commanding will of their ancestors to preserve the family remains intact in the passage of time?

His great grandfather must have left the will for the sake of the family's harmony and unity, but the family might be broken because of the land.

Vishwanath sensed that the land might be divided some day, keeping the big family root only on papers.

Centuries passed since the bourgeois revolution occurred.

In the early 19th century after the French political revolution occurred in the late 18th century, the industrial revolution took place with the establishment of the bourgeois system, while the old feudal and patriarchal relations were giving ways to the new bourgeois relations.

This vast land of the family acquired in such a period has been maintained in a patriarchal way even in the 21st century, causing the troubles to the family.

This estate is the valuable property and symbol of the family as well as the troublesome asset for Vishwanath who looked down at both sides of his country that has the shining lights of the modern civilization as well as the dark feudal shadows.

In the early 20th century when Vishwanath was born, the owners of this land have lived in peace and harmony.

O readers! Let us try to visit Pandori Bibi village where our hero was born.

1. Pandori Bibi village (1)

It was on September 15, 1926.

The first son of a new generation was born in Sharma family well-known as a landlord family with a high virtue in Pandori Bibi village, Hoshiarpur district, Punjab State, India.

Looking at the baby who is especially big with the black hair from babyhood, the family members were very happy to have a future master who would reliably manage the vast land of the ancestors.

His great grandfather and grandfather had children but it was an established fact that the first son in each generation had the rights to the accession to the family estate. The baby had the "historic"

mission to lead Sharma family as the doubtless head of the family.

His name was Vishwanath.

His ancestors in the grandfathers' line named him as such without the family name.

Vishwanath!

Few people tried to understand the meaning of his name. People simply thought it was easy to call. However, his name has a deep meaning in Sanskrit. The meaning will be disclosed in the next century.

When he is well-known, his name will disclose its meaning.

If India had the peerage system that had existed in Europe from the feudal society to the early 20th century, this descendent of Sharma might have been conferred a title of count or marquis.

Rishi Ji Sharma, his great grandfather acquired this land and had managed a sugar plant.

Salig Ram Sharma, his grandfather was a very learned man. He was well-known agricultural professor in India.

Salig Ram Sharma, his grandfather cultivated new varieties of vegetables and spread it. He reformed the variety of Papaya which had been growing only in the west India to suit even in Punjab State. He wrote several books on the farming methods for the Indian lands.

Pusa Agricultural Institute under the Ministry of Agriculture of the Indian Government in north Delhi is the successor of the institute in which Salig Ram Sharma had worked. This institute was in Patna but moved to Delhi after it collapsed in 1918 due to the earthquake.

In the large hall of this institute were hung portraits of historically merited agro scholars, as if telling the proud history of the Indian agricultural development. One of them is the portrait of Salig Ram Sharma, the only Indian agricultural professor under the British colonial rule.

In 250 hectres of the test field of this institute, new varieties of wheat, rice and vegetables cultivated by S. R. Sharma grow even today, telling his merits.

Salig Ram Sharma passed away before Vishwanath was born. Vishwanath could see his grandpa's face in the portrait hung in this institute after having grown up. Salig Ram Sharma was gone in the year in which the earthquake occurred in Patna at the age of 42. This told that he was a very talented man from his childhood.

Since then, the land had been managed by Lachaman Dass Sharma, his grandfather's brother who had no child. He was a learned man, too. He had no other bigger job than to look after this vast land as the head of the family.

Lachaman Dass was happy with the birth of Vishwanath.

This baby would take care of this family land as the head of the family.

Vishwanath who was born in a rich and learned family grew up. He had nothing to envy, enjoying the material and mental life at a high level.

Sharma family believed in and worshiped Hinduism. Nevertheless, they were rarely involved in the religious practices. They were well-versed in the scriptures and the religious doctrines but rarely went to temples. They did not pray any god among Brahman, Vishnu and Lord Shiva. When they had time, they were busy, doing the practical works. This told that his family members were the intellectuals with a high level of thinking.

Vishwanath had received such family education.

India has a lot of legends.

His parents told their young boy the mysterious Indian legends and stories of the saints.

In his family, they called little Vishwanath just Vish.

There are many legends in the Beas River that flows around Pandori Bibi village.

On the gates of his native house which is still standing in the centre of Pandori Bibi village, there are engraved beautiful legendary birds.

The flying cranes!

Whenever little Vish opened wide the gates, he wanted to fly far and far to a beautiful world as the bird on the gates.

"Mum, what kind of birds are they?"

Looking at the little son who came to be curious about everything with an air of satisfaction, Durgadevi, his mother gave a detailed explanation.

"The birds are called crane, the symbol of longevity and purity."

He could not understand all the meanings of what she said, but understood the bird called crane is good.

The cranes were flying above their vast land. He, therefore, was dreaming everyday of flying over the world as the birds.

The cranes engraved on his gates were bigger and more beautiful. He wished to be a beautiful crane.

The legendary cranes on his gates told the desire of his ancestors for longevity and purity.

His great grandfather got this house built in the early 19^{th} century. Its floor space was 1 000 metres^2. This U-shape house had gates twice bigger than today's palace. However, one could easily slide them open and close, although they were very heavy.

Its yards were paved and it had 40 rooms. In this house, his family and the direct relations had lived. Its roof was made of the dark brown wood.

On both sides of this house, there were eight small houses. These houses seemed to guard the motherhouse on both sides. His relations had lived there. These one-storey houses had the water wells in the yard and were surrounded by 1-metre high red-brick fences. On the fences were blooming jasmines, roses and sunflowers, etc. in all seasons.

Little Vish was a little master of the family and the village, who could freely move from this house to that house.

His relatives always welcomed this little master whenever he came and wanted their children to be his friends. This might have come from their desire that the future head of the family estate would look after their children in the future.

Vishwanath had a big nose and the big eyes. He was big in size so the people guessed he was much elderly. The people expected his bright future.

Pandori Bibi village had 2 500 populations out of which 200 belonged to Vishwanath's family root. They all have lived on this land.

At that time, there was no electricity in this village. A few houses had generators. Sharma family used the generator mainly for irrigation. Punjab has the meaning of five water streams, but they pumped up the underground water for the fields, as Pandori Bibi is far away from the river.

In short-day season, they switched on the light from 6 pm to 11 pm. Vishwanath learnt the letters under the electric lamp in his

younger days. When he was studying in hot summer, Tulsi Das Sharma, his grandfathers' younger brother placed the electric fan on his side for him. The family had nothing to spare for the first grandson.

"Vish, you must study harder than others do." He said.

In this village, not only his relatives but also all the farmers sincerely respected Vishwanath's father and mother.

His father's name was Badrinath Chibba.

As Rishi Ji Sharma, his great grandfather, was just called Chibba, his father used Chibba as his family name.

Badrinath Chibba was the only qualified medical doctor in the southern region of Hoshiarpur district. At that time, there were a few university graduates in the district.

The district had 2 000 villages, and the region in the north, south, east and west had 500 villages each. Being situated in the southern part of the district, Pandori had 500 villages.

Badrinath Chibba treated the illness of the people in this region. He was known as Dr. Chibba in the region. Earlier, he got the title of doctor of medicine.

Dr. Chibba went from this village to another without rest, on horse and sometimes on foot. All the patients waited for him. Sometimes, he walked 20-30 km to treat the patients.

This sincere and kind-hearted doctor treated the poor people free without condition. He was respected by the people and at last he was known even in the state government. Therefore, the then British governor of the state provided him with a building and some medicine in the name of the state government.

Whether or not the Britishers who ruled all India behaved so to show their "protective measure", the people there respected him as "God" and Dr. Chibba could spend more time for the patients. Busy as he was, he paid a deep attention to the education of his son. When he came back home after several days, he listened to what his son learnt, examined his study and gave homework.

His father was a stern "book" for little Vish, who followed the "book" only.

As his father spent the most of the time out of the house, his mother took the main charge of her son's education.

Durgadevi, his mother was an origin of an important family.

She had the utmost sincerity for her children.

She had devoted her all to bringing up her children to be well-principled people, stressing that the bad habits got in the childhood could be hardly breakable.

Durgadevi was a qualified teacher who received 2-year teacher training education after finishing the high school.

She had a good family education and the regular education.

Her father was the Minister of Education in Kapurthala, the capital city of Princely State, which is 100 km away from Pandori village.

At that time, there were 500 states in India and these states were ruled by Maharajas. Most of them were the Indian Princes.

Her father was in charge of education in Princely State, as an advisor for Maharaja of the State.

His father's family had cultivated crops, being engaged in the scientific research whereas his mother's family was mostly engaged in the political or administrative works.

Durgadevi who came from such family read newspapers even at the age of over 100 and told her children the events happened home and abroad and the relations of the political parties.

After marriage, Durgadevi devoted her all efforts for the education in Pandori village.

As there was only one 5-year primary school in Pandori, not all the children in the village could attend the school. Nothing to say of the have-nots, the children of the have could not attend the school, because of shortage of the school capacity.

Durgadevi erected a school in the centre of the village and named it "peasant's school." As the owner of the school, she began to give primary education to the peasants' children. Sometimes, she brought many teaching materials and equipment from Princely State.

She did not think herself as a charity woman. She deemed it as her duty as a human being to make every possible effort for the neighbours and peasants.

Except when teaching the children, she was always silent. All the villagers talked of her.

When Vishwanath began to study in this school, Durgadevi became more popular. The qualified education of his mother reached all the pupils in the peasants' school.

The peasants were very grateful to her.

You can get food anywhere but you must get the education in a learned family.

Durgadevi educated the pupils in the spirit of cherishing the truth and morality rather than the wealth or power. This teaching was like the teachings of "God."

Durgadevi devoted her all for the villagers.

Along with the peasants' children, Vishwanath attended the primary school, learning from his mother. His younger sisters and brothers learnt like him.

There lived a few wealthy landowners and usurers. Those peasants who had maintained lives on their lands were poor. They had lived in one-roomed houses. As the roofs were covered with the old tin-plates, water leaked in a rainy season, breath-taking hot air filled the room in sultry summer and the cold wind came in the room in the cold season. In these houses, they had lived with their children, breeding cattle, sheep and goats. The landless peasants had lived like this for centuries.

They were the slaves of fate, living on a piece of land.

It was the image of the Indian village in the early 20th century, over which the fetters of feudalism hovered heavily.

Vishwanath grew up, looking at this.

He thought that the peasants who were walking in the muddy road without umbrellas in the rainy season as the poorest people in the world. The poor Indian farm village was imprinted in his mind. For the whole life, he wondered when this poor village would be gone.

The hunger-stricken Indian peasants were shouldering the burdens of giving "good treatment" to the bulls until they died of age.

India is the only country that gives "good treatment" to the bulls. India is famous, on the other hand, with the biggest number of the bulls.

What is the reason, then, why do they give "good treatment" to the bulls.

In India, the backward agricultural state, do bulls help them in their laborious works?

O, no. in other countries, they used the bulls for labour but on

holidays and on some other occasions, they ate beef. Religious habit in this country, however, prohibited to kill the bulls.

The majority of the Indians were Hinduists who have believed the bulls as the holy animals.

The Hinduists did not eat beef. They are even afraid of killing snakes and insects. In the forests like high Dekhan Plain, therefore, the snakes were crowded, even injuring the people.

Even in the industrial cities, cars and buses should avoid the bulls.

Due to these religious habits, the Indian peasants had to bear the heavy burdens, protecting the bulls even when they spoiled the crops.

Durgadevi taught the children of these ignorant and poor peasants. Paying a special attention to the talented children, she brought them her home and continued to teach them, allowing them to sleep there.

All the rich people did not help the poor people. However, it was Durgadevi's inborn virtue to help the neighbours.

This kind-hearted woman kept sympathy for others.

Her chivalrous spirit left a good impression on little Vishwanath, having influence upon his growth.

Durgadevi always smiled at the people. Her silent smile led to the harmony of the family and good harvest. All the villagers respected Durgadevi. Whenever the disputes occurred among her relatives, they all used to visit her for judgment. She spoke logically and quietly, and then everybody understood her.

She bore a soft attitude, the bright eyes full of benevolence, humble and kind-heartedness—this attracted the people with a tremendous strength.

Lachaman Dass Sharma, the head of Sharma family liked her, too.

Only a few powerful local families and usuries thought ill of Sharma family, if any. Even their tenanted farmers used to visit Durgadevi for her help. Whenever she helped them, the landed persons and usuries felt jealous of her as if their own money would be spent.

She had the good relations with the State Commissioners and treated them well, so she could get help from them to repair the

roads and solve the other problems.

Looking at this, little Vish was proud of his mother, thinking she was the best in the world.

For the children, the first school is their mother. They saw the world through their mothers' eyes.

With the ever-increasing pride of his mother, Vishwanath began to think he was the man of strong gut and superiority in the world.

The circumstance in the childhood is one of the main factors that define the future character.

His family was brimming over with love and affection. That was all necessary between the parents and the children. This would push away the dark shades in the family.

Durgadevi spent her younger days for the education of the peasants' children.

With the time passing, the villagers; Hinduists, Muslims or Buddhists and Christians called Durgadevi "Bibi" (meaning the mother).

Durgadevi became the mother of this village and the symbol of the village.

I did not know since when, but the people gradually called this village Bibi village.

Her school was called Bibi school, Badrinath Chibba's hospital was called Bibi hospital…

At present, Pandori was marked on the map as "Pandori Bibi." The legend tells the public mind is the heavenly mind.

2. A spell of adolescent period

No parents in the world wanted their children to lag behind the others from the starting point.

So were Vishwanath's parents. His family had enough ability.

Vishwanath attended his higher school for 6 years in an illuminating city. Durgadevi gave 5-year primary education in her care and sent him to her hometown in Kapurthala, Princely State for his higher education.

The future of children was inconceivable, apart from their mothers' efforts.

At that time, this state was known as the most developed in education all over India. Awasthy, the father of Durgadevi, who was the Minister of Education in the State made him study by the help of a tutor.

Vishwanath studied without envy in not only primary but also higher schools.

His maternal grandfather owned a 3-storey building in the centre of the city. Every floor of the house had a large lounge and several rooms. There lived his maternal grand parents and uncle.

Vishwanath had lived in a big room on the second floor. He had lived an unenviable life.

Electricity was supplied in this house whereas Pandori Bibi village used generator for electricity.

His maternal grandfather was friendly with the state authorities including the State Princes. To his pleasure, sometimes his grandfather would bring this little clever grandson to them. For him, Vishwanath was the first grandson, though maternal.

Under the British rule, Awasthy, the Minister of Education in the State led this lovely grandson to civilization. He attended the school in an elegant city, hearing the machines whirring as if singing.

In the street, there were people who carried boiling tea in small hand wheels, advertising it was good for health and gave free of charge.

It gave him a strange thought why they offered them free of charge. Perhaps, Britishers seemed to try to give the impression that they led India to civilization.

Today, everybody drinks tea, but at that time not so. In India, they had custom of drinking boiling tea but they had boiling tea only when they were ill or had a fever. Vishwanath had tea from his childhood.

He tasted the modern education.

If there was a university in Princely State, Awasthy must have sent him there for his further education. However, there was no university there. Durgadevi, therefore, received the higher education in Kapurthala State.

At that time, Britishers controlled all the states in India.

Among 500 states, there were universities only in three states; Kapurthala, Punjab and Patiala States in India.

As the first sons of his family members did, Vishwanath had to go to a university. All the direct descendants of this family had received the university education.

Education was much better than the possession of lots of money. That was because the education was one of the fundamental questions that decides the future of a family and a nation. In history, therefore, each class of the society had paid a deep attention to education.

Badrinath Chibba wanted his son to be a medical doctor.

However, Vishwanath desired to go to Mayo School of Arts and Commerce in Lahore, because his higher school classmates including Altaf Hussain passed the entrance examination in that school. They persuaded Vishwanath to attend that school together. Vishwanath, too, thought that if he attended the college, he would fly high to the infinite sky fluttering his wings as the legendary cranes engraved on the gates of his hometown.

Lahore is the capital city of Punjab State which is 350 km away from Pandori Bibi village and the centre of the industry and commerce. In this city which began to be built since the 11th century, there were the historic relics of the ancient civilization. Many people wanted to study in this city and know this place better.

Badrinath Chibba wanted him to attend a university to be a medical doctor in other states to continue his family line but did not force him. He respected his son's desire, thinking he might have his own view to some extent. He told him to do as he liked but go straight way, without regretting what he had chosen.

The elder brother of his grandfather, too, wished him to cultivate his ability in any school and come back to manage the estate of the family in the future.

In spring 1942, Vishwanath passed the entrance examination on the last day and got the excellent scores. He studied in the faculty of commerce at Mayo School of Arts, Lahore (Now in Pakistan).

From then on, his independent life began.

His father sent 25 Indian rupees every month to him who stayed away from home to study at the university. In those days, it was

enough money for him to pay the school fees and the boarding expenses.

The school began at 7 am. Before the school, all students had to gather in the playground to pray God every morning.

"O God, I believe in thee. Help me to take the right path, not misconducting myself.

The best country in the world is India. My India surrounded by mountains, oceans, rivers. They are the guards of the nation."

Everything was the British style. The subordinated country had to copy everything of the suzerain state.

He had prayed since primary schooldays, but the prayer at the university was longer but he had to learn it by heart.

Whenever he stood at attention to recite the prayer, he was uncomfortable. He had to stand still, however, as if he was under the heavy weight of the solemn melody of hymn played by the band. After praying, the tall and white-faced principal appeared before the students.

The British principal wore the dark blue jacket inside which a vest with the gold ring-chains hanging on. With the round pince-nez on his nose, he looked around with eyes difficult to guess who he was looking at and began to give the advice in poor Hindi with a great difficulty.

His speech was just like the judgment of God for the students. Those students who followed the will of God were praised and those who did not were punished.

This custom lasts on until today, as if the life of God was infinite.

Who dares to escape from the world of God?

However, Vishwanath was a little fed up with this. He was unwilling to totally devote his life for this.

His self-superiority and self-respect began to soar up.

The school was over at 2 pm.

It was a review time. Vishwanath wanted to take this time even a little to enjoy himself anew. New street, new scenery, new experience…

Altaf Hussain, a relatively calm and reflective-minded man requested him to stay in the dormitory for study. Vishwanath had learnt a lot in advance by the help of his maternal grandfather and it

was painfully heavy labour for energetic Vishwanath to stay all day long in the dormitory.

There was an air of fragrance.

India has three seasons. Between June and November is rainy season with the south-west wind, between December and February is dry season with the north-east wind, and between March and May is hot season with the change of seasonal wind.

It was nearing the replacement of April and May. The great nature was calling him everyday.

Now, Vishwanath began to go against the will of God step by step.

He would go to the Ravi River with his colleagues. He loved sports and his favorite sports was swimming and boating.

The land was bright with the fresh verdure.

The green-dressed mulberry trees standing on the riverbanks always attracted him with their red fruit.

Drawing a lungful of fragrance of nature, Vishwanath sang.

The atmosphere made this young man sing to his heart's content. O no, every living matter sang in this best season.

The bees were buzzing and birds were twittering.

Enjoying their harmonious twittering, he was swimming in the river. The Ravi River starts in the Indian Ocean and flows to Pakistan across Kashmir.

The Beas River, the nearest one from Pandori village was 350 km away from the village but the Ravi River was only 4 km away from the university dormitory.

When swimming in this river, his soul and heart became broad enough to embrace the sky.

A few months passed.

Tree leaves were falling and it was difficult to jump into the river.

When the season changed, Vishwanath would go to theatre and exhibitions. He began to feel bored of this, too, as there was nothing new.

He was swept along in the bad boys, in spite of himself. They were guttersnipes. They first asked him to court the girl teachers.

He did a few times as they asked, and they gripped him, pressing him that he could not escape from them as he had already

misbehaved.

Vishwanath enjoyed himself in nightclubs along with them.

Altaf, his close friend, sincerely advised him. “Vish, come to yourself!” However, it was quite difficult to get out of the trap.

Vishwanath did not go home even on Saturdays, as he had promised with his bad colleagues to play with them on Sunday.

Vishwanath’s parents were very much worried, because normally he had never broken his life routine. Durgadevi asked her husband Badrinath Chibba to inquire into his actual circumstances. Nevertheless, Badrinath Chibba was dumb-founded. Another week passed.

Altaf went home alone this time, too. He told Vishwanath’s parents everything he knew. He decided to set Vishwanath on the correct way by the help of his parents.

Badrinath Chibba came to the college.

Vishwanath was terrified at the sight of his father. He had never given any troubles to his father before. It was clear to Vishwanath why he was there in the dormitory.

Badrinath Chibba spoke in a normal voice.

“I trusted you but your future is worrisome. Come home this Saturday.”

He returned without a long speech. However, his low yet stern voice meant a lot to Vishwanath.

His father had never shouted before, and this time, either.

Vishwanath had to suffer from the remorse.

That night, Altaf Hussain asked Vishwanath, earnestly.

“Vish, where are you going?”

At this word, Vishwanath startled. His word touched him a lot. In a moment, he braced himself up.

He could not sleep. He thought on and on of his parents and his friends.

3. Opportunity given by God (1)

Everyone has the inborn nature.

Vishwanath who had nearly upset God came back to himself but could not stay there alone, reading books only.

God hovered over the world as the advocate of all truth, but he did not want to be a caged bird in the campus of the college, being afraid of invisible God.

Fortunately, the news of his wrong behaviour did not reach the eye-glassed principal, so he could narrowly escape from the terrible punishment that would be made before all the students, but his mental crane was flying on and on to somewhere else.

A man must have a clear idea of his desire. The first task in life is to discover himself. He was talking to himself.

"O Vish! Where, on earth, are you going?"

One year passed in the sleepless agony.

He wanted to fly over the whole world. Knowledge gives wings to fly.

Altaf Hussain who specialized in law and Vishwanath who specialized in commercial finance were excellent in study.

Everyone has the good points.

Calm-minded Altaf had sincerely academic attitude to delve into everything and then come to the conclusion. With a great interest in dialectical materialism, Altaf had the cold reasoning, free from emotions.

Altaf asked himself a question. "Is it possible to have a correct cognition and thinking of the objective reality, without understanding the most general laws of the overall links between things and phenomena and their development?"

He was always clear-cut and brisk. Vishwanath, therefore, recognized him only.

Meanwhile, Altaf found out the special quality in Vishwanath.

Altaf was surprised, as he found the extraordinary deductive and inductive reasoning faculty in Vishwanath.

Vishwanath understood in a moment the essence of the normal phenomena and drew the immediate conclusion. The surroundings in which he has grown might have given him such an extraordinary brain. From his childhood, Vishwanath saw, heard and learnt a lot. This might have made him see and experience the more and the new.

In addition, he was so practical in study, life, thinking and activity. Sometimes, he acted as he liked radically from excitement but was faithful to his feeling.

Vishwanath was lost in perusing the famous poems and

literature and wrote poems himself. In a sense, he was like a literary boy.

He had a high level of literature, perhaps due to the influence of his maternal grandfather Awasthy. It was Awasthy's thinking that a man becomes beautiful and feels himself noble, when he knows literature.

Full of enthusiasm, his mind was flying in the blue sky.

O Vish! Where, on earth, are you going?

He could not enslave himself before God, even if losing time.

Again, he began to wander around the streets.

One day, he happened to pass the building of The Tribune, 1 km away from the college, and the thought of R. R. Sharma flashed into his mind.

"O yes, let me meet him. R. R. Sharma was the vice general manager of this newspaper and he might give me a side job."

He was one of his remote uncles. He was the cousin of his father. In those days, Sharma family members were here and there in Lahore.

He visited him with a certain expectation. He was in his room on the second floor. He was glad to meet Vishwanath. Nevertheless, he flatly refused his request of asking for a job.

"You are only 17 years old now and what can you do here. You'd better study hard without any other ideas."

Vishwanath implored.

"Uncle, I want to learn something. Please take me as an apprentice."

He did not try to even understand his nephew's request.

Vishwanath stepped forward to his uncle, making an earnest request.

"Uncle, I do not ask for salary. Please give me a chance to learn something."

His request did not work on him.

At first, R. R. Sharma tried to persuade him but ended with the rebuke, at last.

Finding himself helpless, Vishwanath said good-bye and came out of the room.

He was shocked. How could he say so?

"Did he refuse my request, from worrying about my study or

from feeling a nuisance?"

In Vishwanath's mind, he was not like his uncle.

In such a case, mutual understanding was difficult, indeed.

Vishwanath could not suppress his anger. He knew that he had never requested so earnestly in his life.

Self-respect emerged in the mind of this young man. Abruptly, his parents' faces flashed in his mind. His parents were kind enough to accept everything, if it is fair.

He was also missing his maternal grandfather who had accepted his request. His maternal grandfather bought new books for him and showed him around the city, even before Vishwanath asked.

In the ambiguous thoughts, he climbed down the stairs, with the absent mind.

He suddenly collided with a man who was climbing up the stairs at the turning point.

He braced himself up. He came to himself.

Before him was standing a middle-aged well-fledged man in a surprise. His turban fell on the floor.

Too much embarrassed, Vishwanath knelt down and touched his feet, apologizing him.

"I am very sorry, indeed. Very sorry, sir."

The handsome man helped him up.

"It happens, don't be sorry about."

Vishwanath found himself too embarrassed to thank him. He expected the damn curse from him but he made him at ease.

He asked him in a queer look.

"What brought you here?"

With his head down, Vishwanath murmured.

"I was here to meet my uncle and going back in an extreme disappointment."

"Did you meet your uncle?"

"Yes, sir."

"You might have some reason. Come with me to my room. Let me hear you." He said.

Vishwanath followed him up.

Vishwanath went up the stairs of fate. At that time, he did not know that that was the stairs of his fate.

Vishwanath entered a large and luxurious room. Instantly,

Vishwanath felt that he was a big man in the newspaper, The Tribune.

He gave a good impression to Vishwanath. His broad forehead told his broad mind and his big and sparkling eyes told his far-sighted wisdom. He offered him a chair.

"What's your name?"

Vishwanath answered in great thanks.

"My name is Vishwanath, sir."

"Vishwanath?"

He repeated his name and asked.

"Tell me your story."

While reading the documents on the desk, he gestured him to speak out.

Vishwanath told him everything.

After listening to him patiently, he said to himself.

"Is that so?"

He examined the face of this young man and said.

"Young as you are, you have the ambition. I will help you."

He picked up the telephone and called someone. Lahore had the telecommunications network.

His name was P. L. Sondhi, the general manager of The Tribune, a daily newspaper that was largely published in India, mainly in Punjab State. In the looks of young Vishwanath, he saw a talented future journalist or manager.

"O my God! Is this accident or necessity?"

By accident, he met too right man and by necessity, it was too unexpected.

Accident and necessity might be twins coming to a man who makes every effort.

Tears rolled down the cheeks of Vishwanath. The tears were not from the refusal by his uncle but from the thanks to this kind-hearted general manager.

P. L. Sondhi said.

"You work as a reporter, first"

Vishwanath asked what reporter was.

He explained he could not become a journalist at once and the reporter should write the short articles under the journalists. He said the reporter was a kind of assistant journalist. Vishwanath liked

anything. Too much happiness wrapped him up.

The head of the news department came in, upon his call. The tall man with thick hair waited for an assignment, shifting his eyes from the boy and the general manager.

“From tomorrow, you work with this boy.”

“Pardon, sir.”

The tall man glimpsed at Vishwanath, without understanding the general manager.

“Please help him.”

P. L. Sondhi smiled.

“Yes, sir.” He answered.

The general manager told Vishwanath.

“Vishwanath, from tomorrow afternoon, you go to this chief reporter and get his instructions.”

Vishwanath felt a deep gratitude.

“Thank you very much, indeed, sir.”

Vishwanath thanked him repeatedly. And he followed the man to his room and greeted the other peoples in the room.

The chief reporter asked Vishwanath to come after 2 pm everyday and work as much as he liked.

“Yes, sir.”

Vishwanath flied out of The Tribune building.

His mind was ballooning.

“O God! Didn’t you give me this golden opportunity?

Is it guilty to speak in the name of God as people do in this world?

If I didn’t collide with the gentleman in the stairs after the refusal by my worthless uncle, the things would have not turned so wonderfully.”

Entering the dormitory room, he shouted to his friends, with jubilation.

“I have just become a reporter, today.”

4. A great mistake

Is there anyone who does not make any mistake in a life?

Everyone might make a mistake, big or small, and more so in the prime of life.

So was the case with Vishwanath.

From the moment he became a reporter, Vishwanath waited a whole day, with the expectation and hope. A day seemed to take the snail's pace for a waiting man.

Wavering before his eyes were The Tribune building and himself attending there as a reporter. The Tribune was the third biggest newspaper in India. This daily paper is famous even today, with over 100-year history.

The following day, he skipped one lecture and went to The Tribune before 2 pm. However, he could not find the chief reporter in his office. He was told that he is coming at 4 pm. He wearied to wait for two and half hours. He was agitated, counting every second.

At 4 pm, the tall chief reporter came in. He told Vishwanath. "Don't think I am always in the office. My job is to cover the events in the city."

He asked him to come at 6 pm.

Vishwanath said in spite of himself.

"I cannot wait until 6, sir. Couldn't I go with you now around the city?"

He could not stand any more.

"Do you have a bicycle?"

"No, sir."

The man said that he should buy a bicycle, as he had to travel a lot to cover the events.

"My home is in Hoshiarpur and I will ask my father for a bicycle on Saturday."

"OK, then. Come with me."

The tall chief reporter went around the city with Vishwanath on the back seat of his bicycle. Sometimes, Vishwanath handled the bicycle with the chief reporter on the back seat. It was the first practice of covering the events for Vishwanath. Nothing was difficult. Everything new became the news for the paper.

Now, Vishwanath's mind was directed to the news hunting.

Even a long way begins with one step. He was as busy as a bee, walking around the city.

One day evening, he saw the police arrested two men. The

arrestees were with prostitutes in the park. Vishwanath followed them to the police station, covered the story in detail, wrote an article at 11 pm and went to The Tribune.

His article was on the following day paper. As it happened in the previous evening, no other newspapers reported the story. Like this, he looked into every nook and corner even late at night. He wrote the short articles continuously. His job started with covering the events, which might be forgotten in a few days. Nobody knew at that time what the historic events he would write in the future.

The enthusiasm he had in his teen age became a volcano of writing the righteous events of humanity and truth of history, traveling the five continents as if moving in his own home yard. However, nobody could guess this at that time.

One day Vishwanath came back to the dormitory late in the evening. Each of his friends told him.

"Why are you so late? This evening, two boy students were run over by a bus to death in the street."

"Is that true?"

"Yes, it is."

The classmates in the middle school of Princely State vividly depicted the scene, telling that they were the eyewitnesses. Only Altaf was silent. Vishwanath immediately wrote an article and went to The Tribune office.

The chief reporter asked him time and again to confirm the event was true. Vishwanath said to the chief reporter that it is 100% true, because his friends witnessed it.

His article of this event was on the following day paper.

Alas the article! When he went to the office the following afternoon, the editor-in-chief called him, for the first time. Hardly controlling his beating heart, he quietly knocked at the door and entered the room. At the sight of the hard and dry eyes of an old thin man, he had a presentiment that something bad would happen.

"How did you come to The Tribune?"

Vishwanath told him the story.

"From where did you get the false news?"

He shouted, shaking the newspaper. Every word of his was practical and stiff.

Vishwanath had to tell the truth.

After listening to the stupid story, he shouted.

"You, small boy dropped the prestige of our paper in a moment. Do not come to this building again."

Vishwanath felt a faint. He burst into tears. He wept for a while and begged him.

"I am sorry, indeed. I believed it and so I brought it here for praise. I will never repeat. Please forgive me just once, sir."

He apologized again and again.

The editor remained upset. However, he began to feel his honesty and sincerity of regret. How was it possible to restore the fallen prestige of the paper?

At that time, the chief reporter came in the room.

"The mistake is mine. Please give him a chance."

No answer…

He seemed to think of the paper's fame. It was understandable, as he had shared his life with this paper.

He was prestigious and stern.

At the repeated request of the chief reporter, he spoke reluctantly, frowning his face.

"You may go."

Vishwanath was narrowly forgiven and came out of the room. Vishwanath might have frozen himself in that room until he was forgiven, even though the chief reporter was not there.

Perhaps, the honest mistake might have moved him to sympathy. Vishwanath was grateful to the chief reporter. He had no opinion to the editor-in-chief. He thought everything was his mistake. He left The Tribune, with a sigh of relief.

His false article was brought on the public discussion, as there was no such event of a bus running over students.

His classmates burst into laughter at the sight of low-spirited Vishwanath. He was fooled by his classmates' play.

He was taken aback but could not blame others.

It was a shame in life to be a laughing stock of the others.

They were playing, but Vishwanath must not play.

"I was stupid. I should not have believed the others, without confirming the fact myself."

"I don't know even I am so stupid. How can I see through the world rightly and write the proper articles?"

It was a great mistake.

He must not repeat such mistake in his life.

The day's mistake was strongly imprinted in his mind. A man learnt a lot from the mistakes. The lesson from the mistakes had the bigger influence than the experience.

The lesson from the mistakes, therefore, was a beginning of a favorable turn.

Altaf smiled and told him. "Vish, you'd better write what you have seen with your own eyes."

"Altaf must have known everything. Therefore, he kept silence when my friends were cheating me. He must have wanted me to judge myself."

Altaf was right.

Altaf Hussain was thankful and honest friend who gave the good advices to Vishwanath in every chance of life.

Later, traveling the different countries, Vishwanath spoke and wrote what he had seen with his own eyes. That was because the mistake he had committed on that day might have given a lesson that a man became a fool in a moment, if he lost his spirit.

5. Retrieval

There is no royal road only in a life.

It was important not to fall down on the road but more important was to rise, even though once fallen. A man who rises can go on his life road.

The greatest honour is to rise again and again, whenever falling down.

Vishwanath was not disappointed.

If a man makes a mistake, he must admit it with sincerity, without making excuses. To make a mistake was a shame but to retrieve it was not a shame. To admit mistake tells that a man becomes wiser and wiser.

There was no irretrievable mistake for a courageous man.

Vishwanath collected himself and whispered to himself

constantly.

"I am not God. I made a mistake because I am a human being. Is there a perfect human being in the world? If yes, I can see him only in the museum."

"O, I am a human being!"

He braced himself up in order to retrieve everything.

A life became more beautiful only when looking forward to the future. At sleepless night, he wrote his mind in a poem.

> O a new day! Please come,
> Pushing off the night fogs
> And pushing far off the shameful traces of my life.
>
> O a new day! Please come.
> The sleepless mind of mine
> Will make all the haste
> To welcome thee.
>
> O the time! Please pass quickly,
> Carrying all the bitter remorse.
> …

He was anxious to win the time. Time was the only best calmative to remove this shame. Humiliation and shame would go along with the fly of time.

Everything got easier after the trials.

On Saturday, he went home and scrutinized the legendary cranes engraved on his home gates. They were so beautiful birds one could see only in a dream. The bird of his mind was still flying in the sky.

"One day, I may have such wings."

At that time, he needed a bicycle to run around the city.

Vishwanath asked his father to buy a bicycle for him.

Badrinath Chibba thought for a while and said no.

He might have thought that his son would chase the girls on the bicycle or mix himself with the bad boys, without study.

His father was fully understandable.

The following morning, Vishwanath silently asked his mother.

“Mother, I badly need a bicycle. Please give me 30 rupees.”

Durgadevi gave him 40 rupees without asking why he needed a bicycle and said “Always wake up on time and go to sleep on time. And do not give the inconveniences to other people.”

This was his mother’s advice for all her children. Keeping this advice in mind, Vishwanath’s brothers tried to be true to her advice.

In Sunday afternoon, Vishwanath came back to Lahore by bus. In the following afternoon, he went to the streets on his bicycle.

He was very happy with his bicycle.

He was pondering.

“Vish! Where are you going now?”

It was not clear yet which way of life he had to take. However, he wanted to believe that this way was to the infinite world to which the legendary cranes were flying. Like the teenagers, he was optimistic about his life.

Conviction and optimism were important. Without them, one could hesitate in the middle of the road of life.

He vigorously pressed pedals of the bicycle, humming a song.

In an instance, he arrived at the trial court. He already collected the information of the trial of students taking place at 4 pm.

The court was crowded with the journalists and masses. Some of the journalists kidded Vishwanath about the last false news.

“You are the reporter who lied last time.”

“Your last article was great.”

They overtly disclosed their stand not to give the concession to anybody for the first report, even kidding or menacing Vishwanath. Vishwanath’s name had been instantly known with the false report.

The trial began at last.

It dealt with a case of the students who had resisted against the British colonialists.

While covering the whole process of the trial, Vishwanath thought why it was guilty to demand for independence.

At that time, the disobedience movements to gain independence of India took place everywhere, and the Government arrested the movement leaders and demonstrators.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (1869-1948) (Mahatma Gandhi) and the other freedom fighters were imprisoned.

There were the social and political problems.

Freedom is the human rights given to everyone. The freedom of press, religion, politics and sovereignty—this could not be subordinated by anyone.

Who subordinated this freedom?

Why did the foreigners try to control India's sovereignty?

At this moment, Vishwanath was hearing the moan of India, the homeland downtrodden by the foreigners.

> Infinite wealth is not yours, my patient and dusty mother dust!
> …
> From your breast you have fed us with life but not immortality, that is why your eyes are ever wakeful.
> For ages you are working with colour and song, yet your heaven is not built, but only its sad suggestion.
> Over your creations of beauty there is the mist of tears.
> …

This poem of Tagore (1861-1941) had never touched Vishwanath so much before. This poem told the impatience of the motherland that could not give her children the immortality.

In the earlier days, Vishwanath had learnt from his parents and maternal grandfather the poems of Rabindranath Tagore who was representing the realistic literature of India in the early 20th century.

India gave a birth to Tagore, the great writer in the world.

Tagore, the winner of the Nobel Literature Prize had produced in his lifetime 50 volumes of poem, many comedies and essays including 10 volumes of novels. He was a progressive writer who had depicted in his works the desire of India for the national independence against the British imperialists' occupation.

That is why Tagore's poem touched Vishwanath in the opportunity of seeing the innocent students standing in the court on the charge of participating in the movement for the sovereignty of their homeland.

This did not touch him only because the defendants were the same students like him. He was reciting this poem by heart as a son, as a citizen of the country that was writhing in tears and pains.

Through his poem, Tagore seemed to be personally talking to

Vishwanath.

Remembering this poem, Vishwanath thought that the true children of the country must satisfy her anxious desire.

He was reciting the poem time and again, as if erupting the volcano of his thought.

…

I will pour my songs into your mute heart, and my love
into your love.
I will worship you with labour.
I have seen your tender face and I love your mournful dust,
Mother Earth.

"O yes! To fulfill the duty as a son of the motherland, I must be a patriot to add glory to my motherland. For this, what kind of ideology I must follow?"

He had no idea, yet. He had only the vague idea what he had to do as a reporter.

He had written the articles only about the fire accidents or other simple events. Such articles were only for the margins of the paper.

At last, the chief judge in black robes read the verdict in a stern voice. "This trial declares 2-year jail for the 12 students who had fought against the British Government."

There was the deep hum of a hundred voices, and the journalists hurriedly went out to report this news on their papers.

It was preposterous for Vishwanath. It seemed to him the official court was full of hypocrisy.

Is it democracy to trample down other's freedom?

With this thought, he left the court. The most of the journalists went to their offices on horse carriages. The Tribune had carriages, too, but not for Vishwanath.

Vishwanath was satisfied even with a bicycle. He got to his office.

After reading the article that Vishwanath had swiftly written in the court, the chief reporter asked again and again whether it was true. Vishwanath spoke loudly that he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own years. Nevertheless, the chief reporter doubted. He phoned the other newspapers and said. "You are right. It is true."

His article was on the following day paper.

At 6 am, the prestigious and stern editor-in-chief was reading the paper and was extremely disappointed in the name of Vishwanath. He thought this boy brought another shame on his paper.

However, he believed it was true, after reading the other newspapers.

He examined his article, as he had once met him. After reading it, he was dumb-founded for a moment. He doubted his eyes. Undoubtedly, the boy's article was throbbing with the emotion. It was the emotion of a brave man and of the suffering nation. In the article were not only the objective facts but the feelings of the writer.

The articles on the other papers for the same event reported only the process. But rather long article written by Vishwanath depicted the event in detail and even suggested the social problems.

He found a valuable embryo in this young boy who sought the issue of human rights and freedom in a small event, although not very analytic.

The editor-in-chief called Vishwanath again.

When Vishwanath entered his office, he stood up and hugged him.

"Well done this time. You must write the articles only on the basis of the fact."

The editor-in-chief was happy, as if it were his own article. He shook his hands.

Vishwanath's mind was ballooning over.

It was a happy day, indeed for Vishwanath. It was an unforgettable day that gave encouragement to him.

Vishwanath thought that he must have a wide range of knowledge to write the good articles. He began to read the books on laws, politics and economy.

While reading political economics, he could have better understanding of the World Wars I and II that were broken by the imperialists to settle the serious economic crisis by the method of breaking war.

He was gradually versed in the Indian history, world history, sociology, religion, philosophy, etc.

Vishwanath tried to acquire a lot of things in his teenage.

He had the frequent discussions with Altaf Hussain. He was accustomed to observe, analyze and judge the things and phenomena in terms of dialectical materialism.

Altaf was good in making the clear and scientific conclusions. He was a friend in need who always gave Vishwanath good advices. Both of them visited many teachers to learn more and more.

"Let me make the maximum use of time!"

It was Vishwanath's decision.

After the school, he was on a bicycle. The journalists with families cooped themselves up in their families. Fortunately, Vishwanath was not bound to that. He wrote the articles continuously.

Badrinath Chibba frequently saw the name "Vishwanath" on The Tribune.

One day, when Vishwanath was home, his father said.

"A man who has the same name with yours writes the articles for The Tribune. You must work like him."

Vishwanath was mute, just listening to him. He had no courage to speak that was him, being afraid that his father might say that he should do study only.

One day, after the morning prayer meeting was over, the spectacled decent principal came before the students. His wise eyes were sparkling before the glasses.

"Who is Vishwanath?"

He shouted and looked around the students.

Vishwanath startled. He could hardly believe his ears. The principal repeated in a loud voice.

"Vishwanath, where is he? Come forward to me immediately."

Doubtlessly, the principal was calling him. At the moment, an idea flashed into his mind. "Did I go against the will of God again? Otherwise, he would not call me. The principal is going to punish me."

He cleaved his way through the students and stood before the principal with his head down. Scrutinizing him, he shouted as loudly as the whole students could hear.

"Is that Vishwanath?"

"Yes, sir."

Vishwanath murmured.

He asked without a pause.

"Is it true that you are a student in this college?"

"Yes, sir."

"Speak out what you want!"

"…"

"Do you want to study or work?"

In an instance, Vishwanath sensed that the principal knew everything he did.

"I was happy with the opportunity given by God. Therefore, I took the opportunity. Was it a wrong behaviour against the will of God?"

Standing at attention before the principal, he spoke honestly as if confessing before God.

"My duty is to study. I served as a reporter only in the leisure time. That is because…because I want to be a reporter after my graduation. I did not do this job for money."

After listening to him, the principal's face turned stern.

"Speak out your decision, at once. Study or work?"

"My first task is to study. Let me study. If you ask me not to go to the newspaper office, I will not."

The principal changed his attitude and spoke in a soft voice.

"Yes, go ahead with writing the articles while studying. A 17-year old student in this college writes many articles for The Tribune, one of the biggest newspaper companies in this country. It is a pride of this college.

Tell your fellow students how you work as a reporter. Tell them to be like you, Vishwanath."

To his surprise, he was being praised instead of getting punishment.

The principal kept his eyes on him. This meant him to speak before the students.

Vishwanath found himself embarrassed what to do. However, he had to speak something.

He abruptly spoke.

"I had only an idea of hastening the future."

No more word came to his mind. However, this one sentence told his spirit, his life and his desire.

The principal clapped his hands first. And all the students

clapped hands.

Yes, the desire to hasten the future was one of the secrets for the success. A man must go after the work instead of being followed by the work. One day today is ten days tomorrow.

From then on, Vishwanath became the "reporter" known to the college.

Altaf Hussain congratulated him sincerely.

"I believe you will be an excellent journalist."

"I wish you to be an excellent lawyer."

Both of them promised to make every effort for the day of success.

Ambition! It was life, zeal and the future.

Do not miss the chance. Time does not wait for man.

6. Understand before misunderstanding

Understand before misunderstanding!

When everybody kept this saying in mind, the life would be more harmonious and full of vigor.

One could easily say this but it is difficult to keep this. People follow their own ways with their own ideas.

Misunderstanding frequently leads to the complicated life.

"Understand before misunderstanding"—this was Durgadevi's advice for her children.

She had a vague idea that her first son wrote the articles for The Tribune.

Normally, the mothers know the tastes and hobbies of their children. They wish their children success, keeping watch on their behaviours.

The mothers feel the breaths of their children. More so for Durgadevi who fed him and gave him the primary education.

However, she never spoke out her thought.

Durgadevi, a woman of strong self-controlling character wished her son all the success.

In one weekend, Vishwanath came home. He told his father that

the principal wanted to see him.

Badrinath Chibba was suspicious.

"Did you make a mistake?"

"No, father. He wants to meet the parents of some students. Please find time to meet him next week."

He fell into low spirit.

Without delay, Badrinath Chibba who had a big interest in his son went to the college, the following day.

A few days before, the principal asked Vishwanath whether his parents knew what he was doing. Vishwanath answered no and requested him to tell his father. The principal asked Vishwanath to send his father to him.

Badrinath Chibba was quite moved, after listening to the principal who informed the energetic activities of his son.

The principal said.

"I deem it a pride to have such a student."

The principal called Vishwanath to his office. Badrinath Chibba met his son, with a pride and pleasure.

Badrinath Chibba asked.

"Why didn't you mention anything about that?"

Vishwanath said honestly.

"Father, I thought that you will be angry about that, as you refused to buy me a bicycle."

Badrinath Chibba peeled off 40 rupees from his wallet and gave them to his son.

"Buy the best bicycle, immediately."

Badrinath Chibba had no idea whether his son had one already.

The principal said. "Our college will buy a bicycle for him."

The principal didn't know he had one, either.

Vishwanath said.

"I have a bicycle already. My mother bought me one."

The principal could not help admiring that.

"You have a really good mother."

After that incident, the Sharma family members and Pandori Bibi villagers knew that Vishwanath, the son of Badrinath Chibba wrote the articles for The Tribune.

Vishwanath was respected as a hero.

Villagers said. "Many articles for The Tribune were written by

the son of Dr. Chibba."

But this did not sound sweet to the ears of Vishwanath.

He thought. "They call me not by my name. They call me a descendant of Sharma family. I want to be called by my name Vishwanath."

He decided to do more good things for the society. He decided to be a man badly needed by the society. He wanted to be recognized by the society as Vishwanath.

Sharma family arranged a celebration party for him. All the members of Sharma family were happy with him.

After the party, his mother Durgadevi told Vishwanath.

"Vishwanath, when a man enjoys the praise, he should try to find out his shortcomings… When you work with many people, you must understand before misunderstanding. Only then, can you go up higher and higher."

Her words were strongly imprinted in his mind, always encouraging him to a higher plane.

Vishwanath always remembered these words of his mother, whenever he was praised.

By the kind help of his mother, Vishwanath began to emerge as a seasoned man.

He had many supporters, many friends and many fellow journalists around him.

One year passed.

The country was full of conflicts—ethnic and religious. The conflicts were sparked by the colonialists. Taking advantage of these conflicts, the British colonialists tried their best to divide the country.

In order to settle the religious conflicts, Mahatma Gandhi who was released from the prison had talks with Mohammed Ali Jinah who had been called the father of the nation by the Muslims. However, the talks ended in failure, ever-increasing the gap between the Hinduists and the Muslims.

The papers were busy to report the news of the then situation.

The Tribune and Vishwanath were no exception.

One Sunday, Vishwanath and Altaf were walking in the street and happened to hear the speech of Mohammed Ali Jinah in a public playground.

The enthusiastic speaker was surrounded by a big crowd. For one hour, he spoke that the Muslims must establish one Islamic State.

The crowd were shouting and cheering him.

When he spoke in Urdu, the Hinduists asked him to speak in English, and when speaking in English, the Muslims asked him to speak in Urdu

The crowd was more and more uproarious, even fighting in groups.

Vishwanath and Altaf managed to break through the crowd.

Vishwanath was talking to himself. “Why do they fight over the religion? When they believe in their own religion, that’s all. What’s the use of fighting? Altaf and I have the different religious views, but we are close friends.”

They believed in religion, because they do not believe their own strength. This was a simple truth, but the world had groped for this for ages.

The following day, each and every newspaper reported Jinah’s speech.

The other papers reported only the contents of his speech, but Vishwanath’s article for The Tribune depicted even the circumstances and the public opinion in detail and analyzed the aftereffects of the conflicts.

In his article, Vishwanath made an appeal to unite instead of fighting each other, explaining the reason why.

P. L. Sondhi who was interested in Vishwanath’s article was very satisfied with this article. It reminded him of the boy who had collided with him in the stairs. He remembered Vishwanath’s eyes blazing below the thick eyebrows and the well-built bridge of nose, as if telling his spirit.

He was a young boy and now reached this height in a year.

With a great satisfaction, P. L. Sondhi called Vishwanath to his office room.

He was meeting the general manager of The Tribune for the second time.

Was the first meeting a chance and the second a necessity?

O no! Chance and necessity were twins coming together to a person who makes efforts.

Shaking hands with Vishwanath, P. L. Sondhi said. "Vishwanath, you have become a good reporter."

He was grateful to tears to him who remembered his name. He always kept gratitude to him.

Vishwanath paid the high respect, touching his feet, as he had met him for the first time.

"All thanks to you, sir"

Wearing a smile as ever, he asked.

"How much money did you get for your articles?"

"I do not receive any."

With a dubious look, he called the editor-in-chief by phone.

"Why didn't you pay Vishwanath for his articles?"

"I didn't know that, sir." He thought the editorial board paid him.

P. L. Sondhi, the general manager said.

"Well, let's make it like this. 75 rupees for this article."

"I do not work here for money. I want to learn…"

"OK!"

P. L. Sondhi saw him off at the door, expecting him better articles.

Tears stood in his eyes.

He was paid for the first time in his life. It was a token of his contribution to the society. Such an experience in childhood is remembered for life.

It was not simple money but the product of the sincere efforts. He thought he could stand on his feet now.

"How can I spend this money for myself?"

He went back to P. L. Sondhi.

"Mr. Sondhi, I received the first pay, thanks to you. Please allow me to offer it to you."

"No, you keep it."

P. L. Sondhi was more pleasant than he accepted it. Morality could not be bought or calculated in terms of money.

He went to the editor-in-chief and the chief reporter to offer it but all in vain.

R. R. Sharma flashed into his mind. Vishwanath went to him for show in high spirits.

"You are my relative but you refused me. Now, I was paid

almost like yours."

With this abrupt word, he said good-bye. Vishwanath was proud, as the salary of R. R. Sharma was 100 rupees.

R. R. Sharma saw Vishwanath in The Tribune sometimes. Whenever he met R. R. Sharma, Vishwanath turned away his face. But now, Vishwanath demonstrated his value before him.

Vishwanath had been a man of self-respect since his childhood.

Now, he went to the principal.

"Mr. Principal, I received the first pay by your help. I'd like to offer it to the school."

The principal was happy. He had read Vishwanath's articles carefully. His article about the conflict might have hurt the feeling of this Britisher, but he had no such expression. It was natural for the Britishers who exploited more profit with smiles. "I see." He said and accepted it.

After the prayer in the following morning, the principal again called Vishwanath before the students and informed them of the fact.

"I accept your offer but I will not accept the money." He returned the money.

Vishwanath was again applauded.

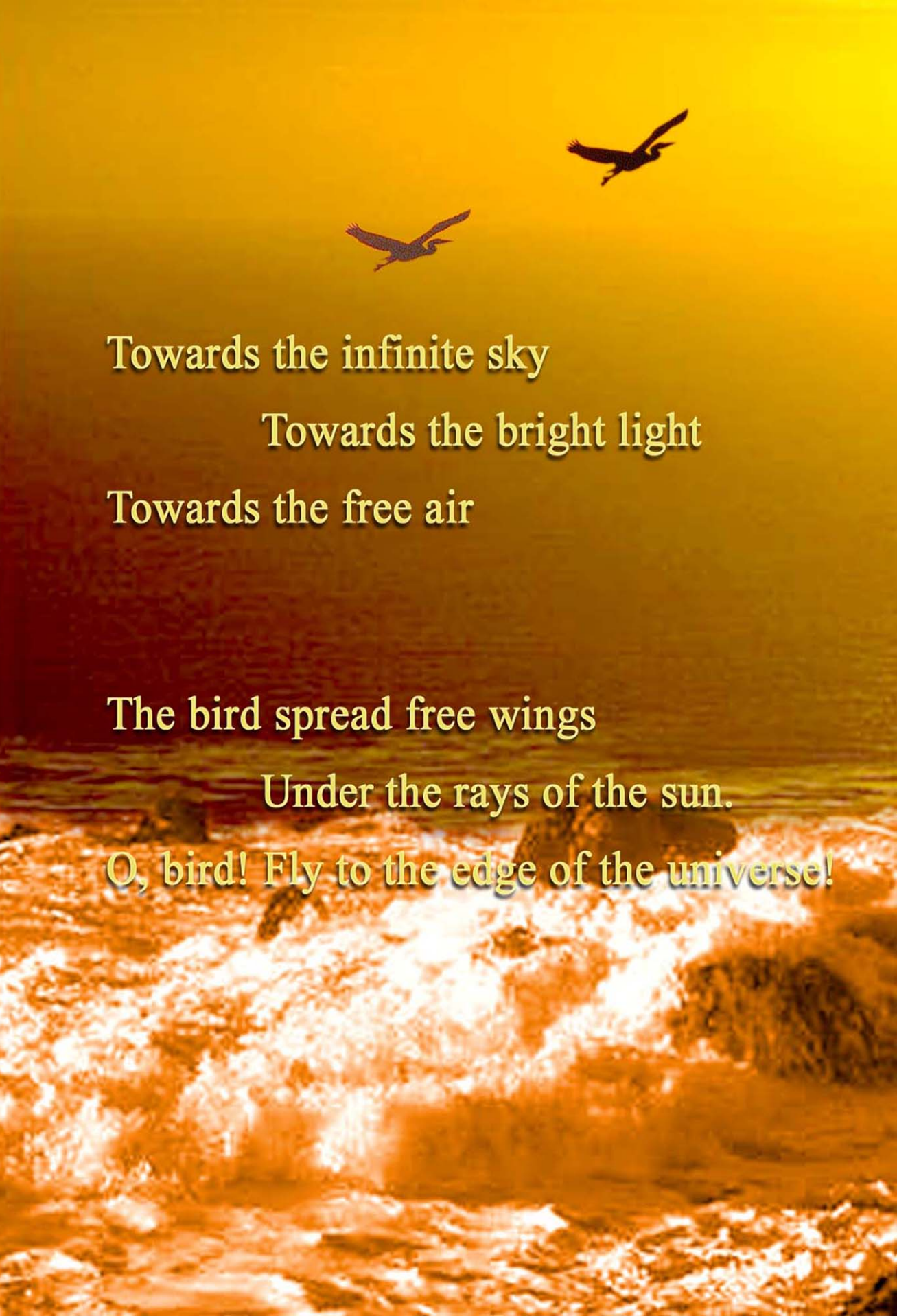
After paying his respect to the grateful people, Vishwanath felt comfortable. Morality makes a man sacred.

In a weekend, Vishwanath came to his mother and gave it to her.

Durgadevi was very happy. She was happy not with the money but with her son who acquired his value by himself. She arranged a reception and invited the villagers. She was proud of her son.

It is the mind of all mothers that they feel a shame when their children were worthless but proud when their children were worthy.

All of a sudden, Vishwanath became a giant.

Like this, in his teenage, Vishwanath started the journalist life, being recognized as a powerful writer with a deep analysis and observation ability.

Towards the infinite sky
Towards the bright light
Towards the free air
The bird spread free wings
Under the rays of the sun.
O, bird! Fly to the edge of the universe!